

***I now understand first hand and up close why US Veterans undergoing VA MHC treatments are killing selves on and off VA campuses. VA ‘therapists’ are drugging, mentally terrorizing them into suicidal psychosis then turning him or her loose to suicide! Dead vets cannot talk. Here is my recent experience in a VA North Texas Healthcare clinic that I can only sum up as a first degree ‘Mind-Fuck.’ Yes, ‘Mind-Fuck’ is a vulgar term but it so eloquently describes the experience in toto! However, if offended, substitute PC ‘Mind Rape’ sissie language in its place.***

My recent visit to a local North Texas Healthcare VA clinic taught me why the Vet in 2019 walked out of a VA MHC ward and ***immediately*** suicided on the campus parking lot! Then another parking lot suicide that shut down VA Dallas Regional MHC ward. Days later, another Vet did so in another Texas VA clinic waiting room after his appointment, about which, in all three instances, VA refuses to release details. Here is why. ***VA ‘therapists’ are purposely drugging and mentally terrorizing vets into suicide.*** Two PACT nurses baited me about a device VA offered that might help control severe hypertension that is medically untreatable, by VA anyway, which I suffer from severe anxiety, depression, PTSD and more since in service diagnosis and treatment in 1975. However, VA vehemently denied these issues over 40 years ago after discharge for C&P benefits but insisted upon mistreating me in its ‘MH–careless’ outpatient clinic and hospital. ***Then sinking to a new low even for VA, an arrogant, misogynist, Waco TX adjudication officer blamed my mother for service related problems in a written denial. I still have the rejection letter proving it! I never forgave that corporation for either sin especially about blaming my mother.*** Four decades later during Obama’s administration scandal, that denied mess returned for VA to clean up mixed in with more than 300,000 Vets that died while on waiting lists for care, because they could not pay with private health insurance like all those people scheduled ahead of them who were privately insured. Anyway, in order to get the thing, I had to go through MHC to do so. Now I have resisted all attempts at going back into that asylum; VA claims to have a wrench to fit every ‘nut’ however, in reality I waste precious energy telling the same story to different people who cannot handle it – “***they’re just shitty...***” People who do more harm than anything else; doing nothing at best. ***Read on for an example of at worst and why protesting Vets are literally killing selves on VA campuses!*** VA’s denial to accept and fear of suicide, dying, and death amazes me. Soldiers do not have such airy-fairy luxuries, as do civilians living a Santa Clause syndrome. Moreover, the people working in VA clinics and regional hospitals are horrified at catching something from us dirty old vets. Odd place to work with such fears; for, those toxic hospitals, and clinics are nothing but wounded, disturbed, crippled, sick, dying and death. Nevertheless, the human is an odd creature when it comes to such things. I agreed ***only*** to interview about a device. However, once there for the appointment everything changed. Where have I seen this before? After signing the bottom line in a military enlistment contract: until I signed no victim, no crime – afterwards, me when everything changed ***exclusive to my benefit.*** At the appointment, first change was a doctor switch; to an inexperienced, fresh out of school, untrained PhD psychologist very full of herself: psychologists are not real doctors just ask their mothers.

Mother’s say, ‘My daughter the ***psychiatrist!*** not psychologist.’ She was clueless about the device and reason why I was there. ‘I came here to discuss the device only,’ said I. She got up and left the room – ***someone was coaching her from behind the scene;*** upon returning unable to do so she asked, ‘what should I do now?’ [As the doctor, she should know! This is her party. The indecisive woman asked me that more than once. I think, ***VA should return Ms. PhD from whence she came – her village is missing an idiot.***] ‘Send me home,’ I replied. Nope, she ignored my philistine suggestion and began asking other questions about my chronic anxiety in a bait and switch deception claiming them necessary to obtain the device. I think this was her feeble stab at ***forced*** therapy with a hidden agenda! Another instance of VA, in cookie cutter one size fits all, giving Vets what ***it*** thinks they need NOT what we individually need as living human beings. Immediately, in that toxic environment I felt provoked and intimidated. She had to call someone and ask how to make a referral to the person who actually issues these devices! Then printed off and gave me hard copy of device manufacturer’s

sales literature. The very expensive device is an unproven prototype that VA sent back to manufacturer for more testing and proof that it works. However, I have private health insurance that would pay VA billing for reimbursement costs...hmmm, very fishy. I felt so alarmed and threatened that every time this loose cannon left the room; automatically, I immediately exited behind her to a hallway in proximity to the main lobby exit door. That is an auto-defense, escape measure for me: always have exits from threatening situations, which engages automatically when under duress. ***I was under extreme threat! That response also is symptom of severe anxiety or PTSD.*** It is still unclear why I did not straight away leave that hostile situation. Consequently, a revelation that came out at the end of this useless, disastrous ‘therapy’ session is that I underwent ‘Mental Health ‘Care-less’’ hell for what the PCP should have done?! Moreover, she said it was only a 30-minute interview but kept adding overtime extensions until meeting her agenda over an hour later. Essentially she asked the same questions and I gave her the same answers as before to other VA providers in another round of tell me the story, again, in a game of ***‘how many different ways do you want me to tell you the same story?’ I am not proud of my military service and do not tell ‘War Stories’ or wish to remember it; when asked about those years I either change the subject, walk away or simply say I did my time and got out. What these people do not understand, is that each time I retell my story to the same or different person who cannot comprehend, I relive the trauma. Then spend weeks getting over it in a brown airy depression or worse a black one. I am extremely anxious, have an impending sense of doom and pathos, have more night terrors, cannot sleep, suicidal ideations, and am more susceptible to an actual suicide attempt until this passes! The therapist sleeps fine, but I do not! If any of you fools underwent what military forced we vets to experience, witness, do, know, if you knew what we/I do, none would sleep or want to get out of bed either!!*** After a very vague disclaimer that she ‘might’ be recorded for quality purposes and other CYA verbiage to use against me, I assume was for patient consent to being video or audio recorded without my knowledge, which was not ***my*** consent, she launched into a verbal questionnaire. I requested a paper copy. She provided only a part of what she claimed was it before verbally resuming her agenda. When I could not or would not answer her questions, she harassed and badgered me for them, – especially for questions, I did not have a hard copy of – hmmm wonder what she is hiding. ***I have no idea what she actually fed as my answers into the VA system: my answers or her lies?*** My fight or flight and danger alert meters were on full defenses and more. Anxiety levels were, too! Blood pressures were off scale. ***I was under attack.*** ‘You seem tense,’ she remarked. ‘That is anxiety,’ said I, ‘and hopelessness is typical to depression.’ ‘I know that,’ she snapped! Sure did not seem to me that she recognized them in real life practical application. She talked so fast I could not track the conversation especially when muffled through a Covid mask. That was irksome alone. I requested Dr. slow down rate of speech at least twice but *instead she sped up rapid-fire questioning, interrogation.* Moreover, the fearful doctor was overly needle-some about how I wore my Covid mask. In one instance, I refused to answer a skewed question because half was yes and half was no. ‘I cannot answer that,’ said I. She then re-framed it many ways and hassled me into finally saying, ‘NO!’ Meaning I will not answer it. [The information is in VA records and if not then someone is not doing, her job or the ‘therapist’ was too lazy to look.] She cut to the chase about suicide ideation and attempts. How many attempts? I don’t know. [They are not keepsakes like birthdays or anniversaries. Each attempt is an impulsive decision when the thread holding me together snaps! Not a planned event like Bar Mitzvah!] So she asked, ‘when was the last attempt?’ My reply, ‘Last year ***around*** August...’ [It was the same report previously given along with the first VA suicide chat line ‘hold please.’ If that person did her job, it is already in their records.] ‘Any other attempts?’ she queried? ‘You tell me,’ doctor. Recently during the US race riots, a drive by mugger attempted to rob me while walking alone on a city street. He pulled up and screamed, “give me your money or I will shoot you!” He did this twice because I did not fearfully respond to him as expected. I am fed up with punks and will bite a bullet before taking anymore bullying from anyone. I just stood still looking at this fool on his first try. He pulled up about 25 feet and did it again. On the second attempt I stormed up to the open car window, leaned in and screamed at him verbatim, “

SHOOT ME, ASSHOLE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, DO NOT MISS, ASSHOLE! WHAT IS THE PROBLEM, ASSHOLE? SHOOT ME! DO IT, ASSHOLE!!' Now I was prepared to self-defend ***but gave him a clear and open advantage to take me out first in suicide by mugger.*** He was 40 plus years my junior, faster with the first, clear, open shot with his hand on something under a cover on the center console between passenger and driver seats. My weapon buried deeply in a pocket with a long way to go in getting to it, and my hand and finger were pointing between my eyes. As an old man, I carry a weapon when walking alone in this neighborhood. The druggies like to target vulnerable, old people. I may be crazy but not that crazy and intend to take a piece of them with me if challenged. Like an old Wild West standoff, with both opponents armed with same intent, but the one who draws first, fires and kills the competitor wins. ***I gave him the advantage to kill me first in a death by mugger shooting; like death by cop when one holds an empty gun or toy that looks real while provoking a cop into defensively shooting and killing me first.*** Perhaps that lies behind the claimed police shootings of 'unarmed' people in 'unprovoked' incidents used to achieve another agenda while masking it as 'racial, police intolerance?' Anyway, a cop does not deserve the guilt of living with murder but a punk, fool-mugger does!" ***Suicide is a death wish. For veterans like me, without the proper care we need suicide is not an if but when one is finally successful.*** Any means justifies the ends, period. Lady Death again was there at the drive by mugging but refused to take me. ***However, the fine PhD doctor's misperception of that second suicide attempt was to reframe it as 'self-defense.'*** ***A clear case of her willful blind-denial in not consciously recognizing a suicidal patient!! Another example of what VA does not wish to see - does not exist. That is denial! I asked her what sane person would provoke and dare a mugger to shoot him as self-defense?! She cluelessly stared at me like I was growing tulips out of my head. I have seen that same stupid expression on faces of VA personnel far too many times to mention.*** Yes, I was only ***prepared*** for self-defense but not sincerely. My unexpected response scared and confused the fool-mugger so badly, instead of shooting me; the young man sped off and at street intersection, first he drove straight, then backed up, turned left, then backed up and sped across three lanes of traffic to the right before disappearing. I bet that young fathead does not pull such a stunt again. ***I did not wish to hurt him; but hoped to teach him a lesson or that he would take me out in a TKO exit from this hell; a fool-mugger deserves to live with murder.*** Now I understand why Vets are killing selves while under VA MH - 'HELLCARE.' ***VA personnel are mentally torturing troubled, drugged patients into suicide! That is psychological terror and warfare!! A US government agency, VA, is doing that to our US Veterans!*** I expect the aforementioned men who suicided on VA campus after release from a VA MHC ward were on psychotic meds, which pushed him into hysteric, high-anxiety desperation to end it all, and he did so at first opportunity, in the VA parking lot while others did so days later in a VA clinic waiting room and/or parking lot! VA has come under severe fire in its haphazard to criminally negligent prescription drug prescribing practices. It is no secret at all, for instance the recent opioid scandal and Clarksburg W. Va., VA hospital murders by a VA nurse administering drug overdoses that killed unsuspecting vets. I know of those VA prescribed SSRI and other psychotic meds very well!! ***They are high anxiety, creepy experiences like brain worms in the head!*** And recently I underwent a crazy making session with someone who in all probability was just like the VA staff that mind-raped those Vets in the MHC ward and clinics that suicided on VA campuses, hospitals and clinics. These fools do not understand that suicide is an impulsive act and what ever tool that is expedient to do so, gets used! ***The method is moot! One uses whatever tool is handy to end their pain! The aforewritten is epitome as reasons not to contact VA for help! It punishes one for doing so using untrained, incompetent staff that harms via crazy-making, mental terrorism and dangerous drugs.*** Furthermore, mind-fucking someone already troubled, on psychotic meds drives the person so insane as not to know what s/he is doing or why. Sometimes they kill others too - ref Fort Hood TX shooting for example. The person only wishes to end the hurting! Acts that push a troubled person from ideation into self-destructive attempts that all too often are successful. Moreover, several glaring symptoms of PTSD that Dr. PhD did not readily recognize in me:

.Depression

.Flashbacks – night terrors

.Sleeping problems, night-terrors and insomnia\*

.Self-destructive behavior; no will to live, suicidal, hopelessness, death wish.

.High Anxiety; Paranoia

.Anger, irritable, which are clear symptoms of depression.

\*I have not had a decent nights sleep in over 45 years, which is the cost to soldiers in keeping Americans safely sleeping cozily in their beds each night.

Consequently is it any surprise why Vets, not being treated for “SHELL SHOCK!” or the PC sissie language of PTSD, resort to suicide ending their insanity. With loose cannons like Ms. PhD. mistreating us, VA is intentionally killing more Vets with its suicide treatments and preventives than it is helping. For VA, Vet suicide pays very well.

That clinic visit sent me to bed for weeks in a brown-airy-depression trying to stay out of a black–depression. Those are much different from ‘brown airies.’ In ‘dark-black’ depressions, Hell-hounds come to fetch me into that place. Essentially, VA lied, betrayed, denied, defrauded, and coerced me into a hostile, toxic MHC visit and forced therapy. All because I vociferously protested that their whole MH–careless program is a duck pond of Quack and snake oil, tent revival faith healer fraud. In that toxic environment, I was under extreme duress, which was more like a ‘holy inquisition’ or a Communist Chinese or Russian ‘Organ’ gulag interrogation than Q&A therapy session. **Another, I cannot believe that these people are doing this to me! The same disbelief my Jewish ancestors exclaimed under Dr. Mengele’s human animal experiments on them in NAZI death camps. VA performs those same experiments on Veteran human lab monkeys, pushing them from suicidal ideation over the edge into an impulsive-self-inflicted death: I have had it ‘BANG!’ My problem is forever resolved.** Then VA gets all the credit and cannot figure out why? Who cares when it pays well!! **Adding insult to injury, VA billed my health insurance \$111.95 for this creative suffering?!** Adding salt to that benefits maintains I have no problems at all. When the divided and hypocritical VA gets it together I might again speak to them; otherwise talk to the moon. **When inaction, hand wringing and talking ends - suicide answers the question permanently.** Aforewritten recent experience is what happens in VA clinic backroom treatment and MHC wards that nobody but they know about. VA employee disrespect of Veterans especially behind closed doors is rampant. **They treat us like dogshit under a doormat.** Most of us take it for a while until the many disrespectful moments add up into an explosive outburst for which the Vet is blamed and punished. No one looks at what VA staff and bureaucracy purposely does provoking and intimidating a sick, drugged, troubled patient into riot and outrage. Furthermore, if I TKO and VA faces another media hit or worse, Ms. PhD is their scapegoat out of scandal. After all, dead Vets tell no tales!! VA thinks of everything – almost.